

SCHOOL DAYS



THE ORIGIN OF THE SHUFFY

NEW YEAR GREETING

By WILL M. MAUPIN

I WISH a happy prosperous year
To all my good friends, far and near;

From California 'cross to Maine,
From lakes to gulf, and back again;
From north to south, from east to west.

I wish for each of you the best.
The New Year has within its store—
All this I wish for you—and more.

I wish a year of joy and peace;
From sorrow and from pain release;
For friends about on every side,
And Love's door ever opened wide;
Hope's full fruition day by day,
And sunshine all along your way,
And harbor safe when tempests roar—
All this I wish for you—and more.

For you I wish, instead of gold,
That you may gracefully grow old;
That each day's slowly setting sun
Will see some duty nobly done.
I wish that home ties stronger grow,
That for you flowers bloom and blow,
That God's rich blessings on you pour—
All this I wish for you—and more.

The best that's old, the best that's new—

All, all of these, I wish for you.
(By Will M. Maupin.)

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

LOOKING BACKWARD

THE old year is drifting out to the
unseen sea, where in a little while
it will be lost, no more a part of our
joys and sorrows, nor a portion of our
existence.

Let us take a retrospective view of
the days that have gone, consider how
we have spent them, whether we have
played our part wisely or foolishly, or
whether we have moved ahead or
lagged behind.

As we stand upon the hill-top, or in
the vale, what are the thoughts that
crowd in upon us? Do they bring us
pleasure or regret? Do they cheer the
heart or depress it?

We are disposed at the end of every
twelfth-month to pause a while and
reflect, to make new promises for our
betterment, to seek a new star for our
future guidance and to flatter our
selves that whatever failings we made
in our little journey were due to no
lack of ours, but to a stroke of Fate!

We refuse to rub our velvet skin
with coarse sandpaper for the very
good reason that it hurts. Nor do we
in looking backward like to rub our
conscience, for that pains, too, and
causes us to wince, when we would
sit in our easy chair and administer
to our moral self a stupefying dose of
chloroform that we may for the time
being become insensible to the smart
and aches, which otherwise might
drive us to repentance.

We lack the courage to stand up and
face the music, or to look truth in the
face, a prevailing form of cowardice
frequently preferred by most of us to
bravery.

Event follows event agreeably or
unpleasantly when we awake to the
realization that we have run through
the vicissitudes, mutations and trans-
formations of another year, breaking as
we proceeded on our way the laws of
the Medes and Persians, to say nothing
of the laws of our own.

Whatever opinion we may have re-
garding our conduct, we hide it with
almost care beside the skeleton in the
family closet.

Then with a sublime devotion to
duty, which sometimes lasts two whole
days, we take a peep backward, swear
solemnly beneath our breath that we'll
be good, true and faithful, which we
usually are until the next fog slips
and they away we go again tripping
along the purlieu path, oblivious to
everything but our selfish content.

(By F. A. Walker.)

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYER

You are so easy to see through!
If you are, you have been up
against it a lot, because when
you are easy to see through
your very honesty and kindness
are often taken the wrong way
and your frankness is often as
"acting" and people think you
are queer! You need comfort.
Keep on being easy to under-
stand; it means pretty much
your mind is clear, that you
think straight, that your heart
is in the right place. You will
waste less time, too, as it is
hard to be something you aren't.

SO
Your Get-away here is:
Let them "see through you"
and don't worry, and if they
laugh be glad you can be amus-
ing!
(By Ethel R. Peyer.)

THE SANDMAN STORY

FOX BROTHERS' TRICK

IT WAS a long way around the pond
and a long way across, so which-
ever way he went it meant a long walk
for Mr. Fox, and he was in a hurry to
get to the farm on the hill on the
other side of the pond.

"If I could only slide across,"
thought he, "and I could, for I have
an old sled. If only I had some one
to push me and give me a good start
coming home I could take my time."

The more he thought the better it
seemed to him, and so Mr. Fox trot-
ted off to Mr. Coon's house to ask
him to push the sled.

If Mr. Fox had not been unkind to
little Reddy Fox and his brother Ray
he would very likely have had a long
slide across the pond and arrived
early at the farm.

But Mr. Fox had not the little Fox
brothers one morning very early when
they had been out hunting and taken



Mr. Fox Had Met the Little Fox Brothers.

from them a fat chicken which they
were carrying home for breakfast
which was very warm as well as an
kind, because the sled would never
take advantage of the sled.

The little brother Reddy did not
get sick, and when Mr. Fox called on
Mr. Coon to ask him to push the sled
the Fox brothers happened to be passing
and heard what he said.

All the way home they were think-
ing what they could do to please Mr.

Coon and spoil his trip across the pond
that night, and before it was time for
Mr. Coon to be at the pond by the
pond the Fox brothers had thought
of a plan to pay Mr. Fox for taking
their chicken.

It was not a moonlight night, and
so when Mr. Fox and Mr. Coon met
they did not see any one behind the
fall bushes and rocks by the fire tree.

Mr. Fox was leaning against the
rock, with his back to the bushes, and
when he felt something on his back
he looked around quickly, but the
wind was blowing, swaying the bushes
and he thought that was what he felt,
but it wasn't; it was something far
different.

"Now, you understand, you are to
place your paw against my back as I
sit on the sled," said Mr. Fox to Mr.
Coon, "push hard, and away I will go
across the frozen pond, and when I
come back I will give you a good
breakfast to pay you for helping me."

Mr. Coon said he understood per-
fectly, and Mr. Fox took his seat on
the sled. "Now, when I say three,"
said Mr. Fox, "run a step or two with
your paws pushing on my back. One,
two, three!"

But instead of skimming across the
pond on the sled, the sled went skim-
ping and Mr. Fox sat on the ground,
with Mr. Coon flat on his stomach be-
hind him, his paws still fast to Mr.
Fox's back.

"What do you mean by pulling me
off that sled?" asked Mr. Fox, very
angry. "That got of me! You are pull-
ing me over!"

Mr. Coon tried to get up, but every
time he moved he pulled Mr. Fox
ever backward, and soon they were
scrambling and kicking like two
pumpkins, while the little Fox
brothers, with a paw over their
mouths, ran on fast as they could
until they were out of the hearing of
Mr. Fox and Mr. Coon. Then they
rolled over, laughing, on the ground
at the funny sight they had left by
the pond.

"That game was very cunning stuff,"
said Reddy, sitting up on the ground.
"Mr. Fox is a very clever fellow, but
he was fooled when I put that glue
on his back. He thought it was the
wind blowing the leaves."

"Yes, that glue will keep them close
together for a while," said Ray Fox,
"but I reckon they won't be very fast
friends after this get away!"

(By F. A. Walker.)

Jean Paige



Winsome Jean Paige, the "movie"
star, is a farmer's daughter. She spent
the greater part of her life, before her
screen life was begun, on her father's
model farm at Paris, Ill. Her work in
prominent productions has resulted in
her becoming one of the best-known of
the many picture players. This is one
of her latest pictures.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUTTIE

WHEN YOU CORRECT

It is much easier to be critical than to
be correct.—Hudson's Illustrated.

OCCASIONALLY, no doubt, perfect
ly well-bred husbands and wives
do quarrel. If they are incompatible
but they do not quarrel in public.
Neither does a well-bred woman "call
down" her children before outsiders,
or correct a servant any more than is
necessary. If you have a complaint
to make in a store or shop, do not
make it in a conspicuous way.

The wise manager of employees does
not berate them before outsiders.
Sometimes, of course, the housewife
may wish to speak to her maid
for something for which her stern man-
agement is to blame on a subordinate.
He may help himself for the time be-
ing out of an embarrassing situation
but he is surely laying up trouble for
himself later on.

When young women really stop
thinking little quarrels with the young
men who are courting them, and some-
times they are allowed enough to be
done in such a way as to be unobtrusive
in public places. Thus the young
woman who is awkward, or who pre-
tends to be awkward, puts her heart
to great discomfort by refusing to
smile to him in a polite conversation.
In the same way, if they are in their
own of the theater and then may be
seen and her own enjoyment of the
play by looking in her quarrelsome
mood. She may actually enjoy the
entertainment that she endures. On
the other hand, if she is with their
friends at a dance and then refuse to
dance with him just for the satisfac-
tion of having others see how miser-
able she can make the poor man is
question. There are girls who do this
sort of thing, but they are truly not
well-bred. The really well-bred woman,
if she must quarrel with the man
who is devoted to her, waits until they
are alone.

(By F. A. Walker.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

TIME

NO MATTER what the wise
man says,
Time does not pass at all.
But ever right beside us stays.
All ready for our call.
Our clocks may run, and are count-
ing up
To many and many a year,
But Time stands by with burning
cup.
Still, calm and ever near,
At any hour of day or night,
In lowly place or high,
He's always standing by
With lavish gifts of minutes fair
Ready for us to use.
To waste or treat with proper care
According as we choose.
(Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



OWN A FLIVVER
"What kind of an engine have you
in your car?"
"A donkey engine, I guess. It
certainly clatters."

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYER.

Has a Man Like This Proposed
to You?

Symptoms: Keeps you playing
games continually, tennis, golf,
swimming, etc., etc., only likes a
girl that hikes, bikes, and does
things outdoors. He has on his
finger tips the scores, dimen-
sions, weight, places, plays, re-
cords of every athlete in the civ-
ilized globe. Speaks of them to
you as if you met them yester-
day. The newspaper to him
means only the sporting sheet.
He is a good business man, but
hides his light under a mass of
games.

IN FACT

He is game right through.
Prescription to His Bride:
Read the sporting news.
Be game yourself at every
point in the game of life.

Absorb This:

A Game Husband is Better
Than a Sporty One.

(By E. R. Peyer.)

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

LEARN HOW TO FORGET

BE ASSURED that you will some-
times be wronged; often hated.
Unless you have far more luck than
most men, others will injure you, and
despitefully use you.

The more successful you are, the
more you will suffer from the dislike
and the envy of others.

But if you resent every injury and
nurture every spite, you will have little
time for anything else.

Revenge may be sweet, but it is
too expensive to be indulged.

The man who makes up his mind to
"get even" with every one who has
harmed or insulted him maps out a
difficult life for himself.

Hatred is a passion which destroys
the judgment as well as the soul. And
judgment is too difficult to acquire to
be frittered away in fruitless brawls.

Learn to forget injuries and griev-
ances. They will harm you but little
if you dismiss them from your mind.
If you cherish their memory and brood
over them they will harm you even
more than the enemy who inflicted
them ever believed it possible to harm
you.

Give men no reason to injure you.
Then, if they insist upon doing so, de-
prive them of any satisfaction in the
injury by not allowing it to trouble
you.

Pence of mind and serenity of spirit
are worth a great deal in this world.
Go about with a chip on your
shoulder and before very long some-
one will knock it off. And your at-
tention will be distracted from what-
ever you are doing by your effort to
punish him for it.

But when you are ventrally insulted,
or when your feelings are hurt re-
member that the person who offends
the affront is not worth hating. Do
not flatter him by nursing your wrath
against him.

Irritations disturb the smooth work-
ing of your brain and cut into your
sleep. Forget them and you will be
happier and better able to attend to
your own job, which is getting all out
of your brain that was put there by its
Creator.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

AMBIGUOUS.
Hubby: I don't
like women to
wear colors.
Wife: All
right, love, I'll
gladly wear black
for you.

Mother's Cook Book

Thank God for food, where none molest,
And none can make afraid—
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade.
—J. G. Whittier.

THINGS TO EAT

DISHES which are inexpensive,
wholesome and not difficult of
preparation, are the favorites of the
busy housewife and mother.

Never-Fail Cake.

Take one cupful of New Orleans ma-
laccos, one tablespoonful of soda, one
tablespoonful of butter, or lard, one
tablespoonful of ginger, cinnamon and
nutmeg, mixed, and a little lemon rind,
one-half cupful of milk, a pinch of salt,
two cupfuls of flour, or less, to make a
soft batter. Dissolve the soda in a
tablespoonful of hot water and add to
the molasses. Mix and bake in layers
or in a shallow pan.

Scotch Pies.

Prepare a rich pastry; roll out, not
too thin; cover with raisins and cur-
rants, chopped and mixed with enough
water or fruit juice to moisten; place
over this another layer of pastry and
bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.
Cut in rectangles about two inches
square.

Spanish Chicken.

Make a sauce of one tablespoonful
of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour
and two cupfuls of water with a half-
teaspoonful of beef extract added to
it. Add one cupful of cold cooked
chicken cut fine, one small onion cut
into slices and parboiled, one tomato
cut into bits, and two tablespoonfuls
of cooked peas. Heat well and serve
hot on toast.

Peach Pudding.

Thickly butter a melon mold and
sprinkle the bottom and sides with
chopped nut meats and shredded cit-
rus. Fill the mold loosely with small
pieces of sponge cake and slices of
drained peaches. Prepare a custard
from a pint of milk, a pinch of salt,
one-third of a cupful of sugar and two
lightly beaten eggs. Pour this over
the fruit and cake, cover with but-
tered paper and set the mold in a pan
of hot water. Cook in a moderate
oven until set. A mixture to serve
unmolded must be firm enough to hold
its shape. Serve with fruit juices
from the canned peaches.

Nellie Maxwell
(By F. A. Walker.)

Interrupted.

"Ah, darling," he sighed, on the par-
lor sofa, "I could sit like this with
you forever!"
"Yuh could, could yuh?" exclaimed a
paternal voice upstairs. "Wait'll
yuh get her, young fellow! I golly,
yuh won't be sittin' nowhere except
on your job wishin' there was six pay-
days in a week!"—Richmond Times-
Dispatch.

ONCE IS ENOUGH



JONES FOUND HIMSELF WITHOUT
A COLLAR, SO HE BORROWED ONE
3 SIZES TOO BIG, TO MAKE IT
LOOK RIGHT HE TIED STRINGS FROM
COLLAR TO BELT. THIS IS WHAT FOLLOWS



OWN A FLIVVER
"What kind of an engine have you
in your car?"
"A donkey engine, I guess. It
certainly clatters."